

A

## REVIEW

OF THE

## STATE

OF THE

## BRITISH NATION.

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 Tuesday, July 27. 1708.
 

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*Mad Man.* **W**ELL, Mr. *Review*—  
 And don't you think  
 your self a brave Fel-  
 low now that you *foretold* the Victory; I  
 expected indeed, you would boast of your  
*Prediction*— And for all your grave  
 Explanation last Paper, *they say*, you really  
 deal with the D—l, and have gotten a  
 Familiar; whether you brought it out of  
*North Britain* with you, or no, I won't pre-  
 tend to determine.

*Review.* Well, however I am glad, I  
 han't a lying Spirit, if I have a familiar  
 one—*The thing is come to pass you see*, and  
 we have a Victory—and where are all our  
 Murmurings at the Duke of *Marlborough*  
 now, and at his Spinning out the War?

*M. Nay, nay*, all that is to come, and  
 depends upon what good Uses are made of  
 the present Advantage; for if this Victory  
 be not effectually pursued, they will rail  
 and murmur as much as ever they did, for  
 it is not a Battle will do the Business; the  
 single Loss of the Battle, suppose the *French*  
 have lost 20000 Men, which is more than  
 any of our Accounts make it to be, they can  
 soon make up that Loss, they were superiour  
 to us in Number, before almost as many  
 as that came to, and it is not *such a Loss*  
 will affect them, if we do not do something  
 extraordinary after it.

*Rev.* Well, well, the Duke knows his  
 Business, and if he meets with no *private*  
*Obstruction*, I believe, it is the Opinion of  
 all

all honest Men, that he will do his Duty ; if pushing the *French* will do, I dare say, he will push them all he can.

*M.* Nay, we must not expect that he can do every thing immediately — The Advantage is great, it is true, and no doubt the Consternation among the Enemy is great — But we are to consider, they are not so entirely broke as to have no Body of Troops left, whatever your News-writers make of it, and to make it more than it is, is to make a Satyr upon our selves.

*Rev.* No, no, I am not for makings things bigger than they are, thank GOD our Case now has no need of it ; I'll allow, their Horse are gone off almost whole, their Foot having suffer'd most in the Action ; I allow, they can bring 20000 fresh Infantry from the *Moselle* under the Duke of *Berwick*, and may in a little time form a great Army again ; nay, I'll allow, they can keep their Post upon the Canal of *Bruges*.

*M.* You will allow then, what I hope will signify nothing to them, and what if such a mad Man as I were to direct, should not signify much to them ; I hope, they shall not subsist long there.

*Rev.* It would be fine work indeed, if they were to be directed by mad Men ; I tell thee, honest *Chevalier de St. Bedlam*, it has been our Plague long enough to be directed by mad Men, the whole Nation has been in Danger of being ruin'd by mad Men a great while, and is not out of Danger yet ; and would your mad Worship pretend to direct the War ?

*M.* You are a Fool if you are not mad your self ; for they are none but mad Men do the Business at this time in most Parts of the World ; but you are particularly wrong in this Part of your Notions, and more than you used to be.

*Rev.* Convince me of that now.

*M.* Why, I'll tell you wherein you are Wrong ; the Danger you were in from mad Men, as you call them, was when mad Men govern'd, and wise Men only counselled. Now there is no Damage at all when wise Men govern, tho' mad Men counsel ; and therefore let my Proposals be never so wild, they may hear them, and do as old *Dr. Saffold* used to say, *Hear, Try, Judge and Speak as you find.*

*Rev.* Indeed there is no Harm in hearing you, if you were madder than you are, and therefore if you think you can be useful to them, you had best make a Trip to *Flanders* to his Grace, and tell him all the wondrous fine things you have to say, perhaps the Duke may give you the Hearing, at least you will come home as wise as you went.

*M.* No, no, I shall not take so much Pains ; but if you will hear my Proposal, you may print it, and it may be sent to the Army by the *Penny-Post*, or otherwise, 'tis no matter how, so it does but come there.

*Rev.* Very well, so I must be the mad Man's Author. Come, let's hear it, what is it you would say it will be made tuff I suppose ?

*M.* Well, I'll leave all indifferent un-biass'd Men to judge of that, my Proposal is thus — That seeing it has pleas'd GOD to trust us with another Day of Victory, and the main Power of *France* seems broken, at least so broken as that they are rendered very much inferior to us in the Field, this Victory may be distinguish'd from some we have formerly obtain'd, by being in a special Manner improv'd, and that so as that the *French* may be made to feel the Effects of it in the most sensible Part.

*Rev.* Now I see what you would be at ; marching headlong into *France*, I warrant you, just as you march'd into *Bedlam* with your Understanding bottom-upward ; I thought what a mad Proposal you would make, you would have them hurry into *France*, leave so strong Garrisons behind them to cut off their Convoys, and never look behind them ; is not this your Project now ? Is 'nt it ?

*M.* YES, NO ; it is, and it is not ; you deserve no better Answer — If you don't want your Seances, you want Manners for not giving me leave to tell you my Story ; perhaps you might have met with an Answer to that before I had done.

*Rev.* I ask your Pardon, pray go on, Sir. *M.* Why having thus routed their Army, the first Step is, what I doubt not is now doing, viz. To push them as far as can be in the Field, follow all their dispers'd Parties, and give them no Rest, but as they shall take



take Sanctuary, either in their fortify'd Towns or a long Flight, out of immediate Reach; — When this is done, the Confederate Army, as join'd with the Germans, cannot amount to so few as 100000 Men, if our Accounts are true; Prince Eugene with 60000 of these being left in Flanders to observe the French Army, as they are now drawn together, will not only command the Field, but perhaps find them Exercise enough too, and the Duke of Marlborough with 40000 taking his Way directly thro Flanders, may march into Picardy.

To say he shall leave a Wall of strong Towns behind him, is to say nothing as all in this Case, while there is an Army of 60000 Men in the Field there; to say he shall want Provisions or Stores, or any Assistance whatever, is to say nothing, while we are Masters of the Sea, and can in four Hours come from Dover to Bologn, with Supplies of all Sorts, a Passage so short and so easie, that you might bake his very Bread for him in Kent, if you pleas'd.

If the French march out of Flanders to defend their own Country, as it is very likely they would, Prince Eugene marches after, and joins, and then one End is answer'd that way, *Viz.* Carrying the War into France, and making their own Bowells the Seat of it. — If they divide their Army, then Prince Eugene and the Duke can detach from one Body to another, as they think fit. — Now for the Consequence of this; perhaps you will say, I am mad in what I am going to advance, and so I know the worst of it. — But I'll leave all that to the Issue of the Affair, and pretend to say, that either the French upon such a March must quit all Flanders, and the Rhine, and bring his Forces to a narrow Compass to defend his own Country, and so as before, carry the War home to their own Doors. — Or before the Duke of Marlborough marches the Length of Amiens, the City of Paris will send Deputies to him to demand Protection, the King of France will fly from Versailles, and every oppress'd Prince will have Leisure to seize upon what has been ravish'd from them by 50 Years Encroachment. — Then the War will be offensive to Purpose, and upon your giving him Peace, he will thankfully

abandon the Spanish Monarchy, and come to the Pyrenean Treaty; and this is all we seek.

I have nothing to do to look back into Circumstances and Causes of former Omissions, why this was not done before, at the Battle of Ramellies; if it ought to be done then, it must be much more feasible now. — Then your Descent from the Isle of Wight, which the Author of the Post-Boy, (like a Privy-Counsellor) tells you, was to land between Furnes and Dunkirk, may land where they please for a Diversion, and France would be harass'd on all sides.

I don't talk of *Charles Blanch*, I am content to allow, that the King of France will fight it out to the last Gasp, that he will loose his Country by Inches, and like a true Hero die in the last Ditch. — But he must loose it, tho' it be by Inches, or he must recall his scatter'd Armies, he must bring home his Auxiliaries from Spain, his Garrisons from Cadix, his Succours from Sicily, his Thousands from the Rhine; he must quit 100 impregnable Garrisons to bring his Army into the Field, that all his Forces may draw together, like the Spirits to the Heart. — And then what you fight for is gain'd, and you may make Peace with him when you will; and let him recover those Towns again, when he can curb 'em.

This would be the shortest way to dethrone Philip V. in Spain, to establish King Charles; This would be the shortest way of besieging Dunkirk, and demolishing that Nest of Pyrates, that has so long ruin'd the English Trade; The shortest way of taking Namure and Luxemburg, Mons and Valenciennes, Towns that must cost an infinite Deal of Blood to wrest out of his Hands; The shortest way to restore Alsace to the Empire, and drive the French from the Banks of the Rhine, which for 30 Years they have been Masters of; The shortest way to unbridle the Swiss, and take *Hannibals*, which has been their Curb, out of their Mouths.

In short, this is the way to reduce their Navy, restore the Protestants, and bring France to be no more a Yoke upon the Neck of Europe's Liberty. — And if it be not done now, take this short Prophecy from



From a mad Man, I dare be bold to say,  
Heaven will never trust you with another  
Opportunity.

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This is to give Notice, that I Richard Baker, of Lawrence-Polneys Lane, Cannonstreet, London, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at last I apply'd my self to the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, at the Golden Ball by the Tavern in Prescot-street in Goodman's-Fields; who, by his ingenious Invention of Spring-Trusses and Rupture Spirits, with the Blessing of GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever since, which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son P. Bartlett lives at the same Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the same Business, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly Instructed therein.